Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall have old swearing
That they did give the Rings away to men;
But weel out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou knoweſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica. (*Exeunt.*

Lor. The Moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the *Trojan* walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the *Grecian* tents,
Where *Cressed* lay that night.
Iessi. In such a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dew,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.
Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Upon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Love
To come againe to *Carthage*.
Iessi. In such a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.
Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iew,
And with an unthrift Love did runne from *Venice*,
As farre as *Belmont*.
Iessi. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.
Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Messen. A

Messen. A friend.
Loren. A friend, what frien
Mess. Stephano is my nam
My Mistresse will before the
Be here at *Belmont*; she doth
By holy crosses, where she kn
For happy wedlock houres.
Loren. Who comes with
Mess. None but a holy He
I pray you is my Master yet
Loren. He is not, nor we
But go we in I pray thee *Ies*
And ceremoniously let us pr
Some welcome for the Mist
Clown. Sola, sola, wo ha, h
Loren. Who calls?
Clown. Sola, did you see M
Loren. Leave hollowing
Clown. Sola, where, wher
Loren. Heere.
Clown. Tell him there's a
horne full of good newes, n
sweet soule.
Loren. Let's in, and there
And yet no matter: why sh
My friend *Stephen*, signifie I
Within the house, your Mi
And bring your musique fo
How sweet the moon-light
Here will we sit, and let the
Creepe in our eares soft stil
Become the tutches of swe
Sit *Iessica*, looke how the fl
Is thick inlayed with patte
There's not the smalleſt orb
But in his motion like an A
Still quiring to the young-e
Such harmony is in immor

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